



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

evolving its lava torrent with terrific fervency ; but to us Mr. Armstrong appears no more than one of that species of volcano described by geographers, which mimic the mighty throes of the sublimer class, yet, after all, throw out little save smoke and mud. We think, notwithstanding, that Mr. Armstrong would hold a higher rank, if he were not so ambitious of the highest.

Of the intermediate order, the men of talent, we consider Mr. Crooke, to whom we have at length returned, a creditable representative.—Without the originality of thought which distinguishes the man of genius, he rises above the common-place plausibilities to which the clever man is restricted. Mind of this description is, perhaps, the most effective for popular purposes—it fires neither too high nor too low, but hits exactly between wind and water.

It will be observed, that we have confined ourselves to the *literary* merits of the different preachers we have mentioned—being of opinion, that with doctrinal matters a publication of this nature has no right to intermeddle. The Established Church, if we are to receive the interpretation of Bishop Horsely, throws open its portals to the widest difference of opinion concerning the Divine decrees, and invites the supralapsarian and Arminian to enter together. Keeping clear of this controversy, however, we would remark, in a purely expository spirit, that the doctrines looked upon by both parties as most important, are zealously enforced by the distinguished preacher whose name we have prefixed to these observations.

P.

* * Agreeing as we do in the leading views of our valuable correspondent—to whom we have been before indebted—we willingly insert his communication. There are, however, some of his incidental judgments for which we cannot hold ourselves responsible.—EDITOR.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

London, November 10, 1830.

DEAR EDITOR—Well, I thought that the day for the meeting of Parliament would never arrive, so tiptoe was my curiosity to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, what I have been reading and dreaming about from my veriest boyhood. At length it did come, and (perhaps you will say, as a matter of course) I was disappointed. The House of Lords (imposing sound) turned out after all to be nothing better than a meeting of well-behaved undandified gentlemen—differing from the worshipful Court of Aldermen, chiefly in being more prim, prosy, stately, and, excuse the democracy of the expression, more yawn-generating ; while the House of Commons, with which I had associated so many thrilling historical recollections, was to the full, as noisy and disorderly, and as free from artificial dignity as a Court of Common Council.

When I entered the House of Lords on Tuesday last, I was, with about two hundred other lords of the creation, huddled up in a corner, where I positively could see nothing but the backs and plumes of the several peeresses and their daughters, who occupied the benches on both sides of the throne—so that all that I can tell you about the general aspect of the chamber is, that it is but a poor concern—notwithstanding its tapestry-history all about the Armada, which covers the walls—

compared with the "ould" Irish House of Lords, now the long-room of the Bank of Ireland. I regret very much, (but my modesty compels me to confess it) that notwithstanding my assiduously cultivated full-pay whiskers, and true Milesian shoulders, (the original of all Lady Morgan's heroes) I made no conquest among the titled daughters of merry England, who, I must say, in very bad taste, never once turned round to afford a practical illustration of the *veni, vidi, vici* love theory, with which Irish young gentlemen usually are accompanied on their *first* visit here—though their ladyships had nearly two hours' opportunity.

About two o'clock, a grand sensation, as the French say, announced the entrance of his majesty. By dint of muscular straining—thanks to my gymnastic studies—I lifted myself up, so as to get one good look at the enthusiastically adored monarch. Have you ever seen Fawcett the comedian, who last year took a farewell benefit at Covent-garden? If you have—fancy him in one of his warm-hearted unaffected, "gouty old commodore," characters, and you have a "true copy" of king William the Fourth. Not only their general appearance and features are alike, but even their voices have the same jerking harshness, which you often see spring from strong domestic affliction. This was particularly striking in those parts of his speech, on which his majesty laid an emphasis. There was energy mingled with pathos, in the manner in which he delivered the passage relating to a regency, that produced a very marked effect on all who heard him, bishops and ladies included. You will see by the words, that it afforded an opportunity:—"I am impelled (says the speech) by the deep solicitude which I *feel for the welfare of my people*, to recommend to your immediate consideration, the provisions which it may be advisable to make for the exercise of the royal authority, in case that it should please Almighty God to *terminate my life, before my successor* (the Princess Victoria, with whom he was playing a few minutes before, while waiting for the Commons, and who never took her eyes off him while he was reading—she is a fine child—I will tell you a great deal about her some day or other) *shall have arrived at years of maturity*." And "amidst all the difficulties of the present conjuncture, I reflect with the highest satisfaction on the loyalty, and *affectionate attachment* (his voice at these words, rose to an actual screech) of the great body of my people." The jerking earnestness of which I have spoken, was also remarkable in the concluding paragraph, in which he expresses his "firmest reliance on the wisdom of Parliament, and on the cordial support of my faithful and loyal subjects." I did not see more of the Lords' proceedings that day—feeling much more curiously anxious to witness the doings in the House of Commons, whither I repaired as soon as the king took his departure. As you will, however, in a moment see, I did not long delay my second visit to the "Upper House," as Sir Robert Peel, with a something of prospective emphasis, always calls their lordships.

A well-bestowed fee of one guinea to the door-keeper, *secured* me a front seat in the House of Commons' gallery, without the necessity of attending at an early hour; a secret, I take it, worth communicating to your Irish readers. It would be vain to attempt a description of my feelings, as I looked down for the first time on the British House of Commons. I am not metaphysician enough satisfactorily to explain the why and wherefore, but the general impression was far from being un-mixedly pleasurable. Perhaps it was, that the smallness and Doric plainness of the chamber did not square with my preconceived notions of the magnitude of the great historical events of which it has been the

scene, and of the great interests not only to England, but to the human race, involved in its proceedings. Or was it that vague undefined regret, which steals over the mind, when one feels that he is only a spectator of transactions on which the public eye is intensely fixed, and in which he feels a thrilling interest? Or was it a still more undefined feeling of sorrow for the absent luminaries—the *Dii majores* of the British senate—the Burkes, Pitts, Foxes, Sheridans, Windhams, Grattans, Whitbreads, the Cannings and Tierneys, with whom it is to be feared is buried, all that in modern times merits the name of eloquence? Or rather, was the gloomy tendency of all these feelings heightened by a sense of dissatisfaction, at not being able to discern amid the apparent chaos, those external indications of character which, in our fancy, we bestow on the leading speakers of his majesty's government, and "of his majesty's opposition." I am inclined, indeed, to believe that the last-mentioned was the most influential cause of the uneasy state of mind, which the first glance at the House gave birth to; for I cleared up—so to speak—as I became more and more acquainted with the proceedings. I was fortunate enough to be seated beside a shrewd, elderly gentleman, who seemed to know every body in the House, and every thing connected with it.

There must be something in the atmosphere and mode of lighting the House of Commons, that makes every member seem to one sitting in the gallery, as if he had taken a Hannibal oath against soap and water. I know not otherwise how to account for the fact, that they all below, without exception, appeared downright dirty—like so many mechanics after a night's debauch, or still more, like so many undertaker's assistants. I remarked the circumstance to my neighbour, (who, I found out very soon, was a bit of a radical) and his reply was, "that they could not but look filthy, since their trade was filth and corruption."—And yet there is in this indifference to mere externalities, much to admire, as reflecting a strong light on some of the best features of the national character. It is English; at least it strikes me that in no other assembly would be found that strange mixture of freedom, and reserve of dignity, and homeliness of manner—that peculiar business-like look of men much less regardful of the appearance, than the actual possession of wealth and distinction—that alternation of loquacity and silence—of prim decorum and unaffected negligence—of hats off and hats on—of buttoned-up Jarvey coats, and top boots, and every phase of dandyism which strikes the eye of a stranger, on his first visiting the British House of Commons.

The first object that arrests the gaze of a spectator, like me, unacquainted with the arrangement, is the speaker in his large chair, in the centre of the House, directly facing the gallery; and surely, if ever any human being was predestined for a particular office, it is Mr. Mannors Sutton. I know not how to describe his voice, but by negatives; it is not noisy, and yet it is very loud; it has no intellectual expression whatever, and yet it is imposing—I was going to say grand and organ-like—it is not put on for the occasion, and yet it would make the fortune of any actor, who might wish to personate the very essence of aristocracy—"Il y a des impressions que ni le tems ni les circonstances peuvent effacer," says Rosseau, on a like occasion—and so say I. Among my ineffaceable impressions, I am sure will be that produced by Mr. Mannors Sutton's first *peal* of "order, order"—"Gentlemen will please to take their seats"—"Members to be sworn, will please to approach the table." The effect was actually magical—it was all noise

and disorder, and school-holiday confusion: in one moment the House became all ear, and

“ ——— audience and attention, still as night,
Or summer’s noontide air.”

Even my radical acquaintance acknowledged the potency of the speaker’s voice and manner. “Mr. Locke,” said he, somewhat pedantically, “somewhere tells us of a man, who could never dissociate the notion of a Lord Mayor, from the idea of his chair and ermine robe of office—in like manner, I cannot conceive a speaker of the House of Commons with any other voice and appearance, than that of the man before us.” I smiled at the would-be philosopher, though I could not but own he expressed my own feelings.

“And pray,” said I, to my communicative informant, “which is the treasury bench, and which the opposition?” “How can you—eh! and you don’t look altogether a fool, either—(I confess, I did not feel very much flattered by the compliment)—how can you ask the question? Look steadily for one moment—don’t you at once see the *ins* and the *outs*—or if you will, the Whigs and Tories—his majesty’s ministers, the hon. members opposite. Look then at that north-west passage to the right of the speaker’s chair—the front seat, just at the table—don’t you see all eyes straining—ay, *gasping* at it—truer than the needle to the pole—that is the treasury bench;—need I give you any further information?” I looked as he directed me—and indeed thought—barring his radical sarcasms, there was much truth in his observation. All eyes were straining, or as he termed it, gasping towards the bench, immediately to the right of the speaker’s chair, on which, as I very soon learned, were seated Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Murray, Mr. Goulburn, Mr. G. Dawson, Sir H. Hardinge, and the other official authorities. But before I attempt to give you a bird-eye sketch of the House, that is, of the *locale* of the members, and of the impression which they produced on me of their manners, abilities, &c. let me premise to you, that the room or chamber (the site, I need not remind you, of St. Stephen’s chapel, for a full and interesting account of the architectural transformations of which, see Pennant,) in which the Commons meet, is not, though every crevice is turned to account, capable of holding the full compliment of its members. It was never fuller—indeed it could not be—than the night I am now speaking of, and yet there were not present five hundred members.

The speaker’s chair, as I have already mentioned, faces the small gallery devoted to strangers. The floor is occupied by the table, (“the *cebræ* laid on the table,”) at which sit the three clerks of the House, with their backs to the speaker’s chair, and, as a consequence, their faces towards the door under the gallery. On either side of the table are seated the leading members; the ministers on the bench, to the right of the speaker; Mr. Brougham, Lords Althorpe, Milton, Stanley, Tavistock, the Cavendishes, Russells, Mr. Baring, Sir J. Newport, and one or two other active members of the opposition, occupy the parallel bench on the left side. Three rows of ascending benches, all round the House, afford seats for about four hundred members, and literally not an inch to spare, and the gallery can contain about one hundred more. The second bench to the right—that directly behind the ministers—is occupied by the subaltern members of the government, and the more devoted adherents to the *existing* administration, be it composed of whom it may. Among others, I recognised Mr. Croker, Mr. Doherty, Lord Castlereagh, Lord G. Beresford, and Lord F. L. Gower—the mover

and seconder usually speak from this seat. The occupants of the two benches behind the second treasury one, must be described to you in the words of my radical Cicerone, who was in truth a character. "Yes, there they are—the immovables!—the vicars of Bray!—Look how they cluster like a swarm of bees—bees did I say—drones—drones, Sir. I have seen five or six administrations in my time, but there they sit, and vote, and cry 'hear, hear,' to the minister, be he Pitt or Fox, or the 'talents,' (he pronounced the word *talents* with a peculiar sneer) or Castlereagh, or Canning, or if it was the devil." "And who may I ask, are they?" "The placemen—either in *esse* or *posse*—the hangers on, Sir—the Swiss cormorants—the Macsycophants—the Scotch members to a man; the men, Sir, whose only motto is, 'long live the conqueror, so as we get the booty'—ho, you want to know their names—take up the first majority list, and, as we commentators say, *vide passim*." "Oh! then," said I, with a knowing look, "I suppose they are the Tories?" "No, Sir; they have more of the Whig in them—for they are trimmers in principle—they are the stock-jobbers of the House—the traders in corruption. There is no such thing, Sir, in this age of the 'march of intellect'—that is, of humbug and hypocrisy—as a Tory, or a Whig, or rather they are now 'so nearly allied, and thin partitions do their bounds divide,' that they mean the same thing. They are the moderates, forsooth. And what, in common honesty, is a moderate? Is he not a political eunuch; a fellow who dares not act or speak out like a man on any question; a poor puking, milk and water houndling, who bows in at the whip of the hunstman, for a mess of pottage; a fellow, Sir, whose ethics are those laid down in Cocker, and whose patriotism and public principle are measured out by the rule of three." "It is easy to give a dog a bad name," replied I, rather warmly, "but abuse is not argument. A moderate statesman, at least, has the merit of not being name-led—of not being a word-fanatic—of not losing the substance in his pursuit of the shadow. I will not take it upon me to argue the matter with you just now, though I have a very decided opinion of my own, and will merely observe, that I consider both Whigs and Tories not only useful, but essential to the integrity of our own institutions, and for the reasons laid down by Sir Walter Scott, in his life of Napoleon—'If there were no Whigs, our constitution would fall to pieces for want of repair; if there were no Tories, it would be broken in the course of a succession of rash experiments, and dangerous innovations.' " "Neither the thought nor the expression is Scott's; they are those, artfully modified, of a far greater man, with all his faults, a countryman of your own, Sir, of whom Ireland ought justly to be proud, Edmund Burke. But there is Lord Grimston, the mover of the address, just taking his seat—the performance will soon begin—and I have scarcely time to point out to you the chief 'dramatis personæ.' Look then, at the second bench to the right, separated from the treasury seats by that narrow passage there; the first member next the passage, with bushy dark whiskers, and an air half military, half Lothario, is Lord Palmerston; a man, take my word on it, who has more in him than they 'wot of;' he is a high spirited fellow—who would make a very efficient speaker, but for an affected delivery, and an elaborate effort to be mistaken for a downright orator. Where he sits, poor Huskisson used to sit since he was, 'shall-be-no-mistaken,' out of the Colonial Secretaryship, by the Field Marshal; it is the seat usually occupied by *placemen* out of office, and is now filled by the very cleverish phalanx, of which Huskisson was considered the leader. Next to Lord Pal-

merston, is that pale, sickly, melancholy-looking personage, Charles Grant, and next to him again, is his brother, Robert, both undoubtedly men of information and talent, but wanting in *vis* and energy. Charles Grant ought to be, by this time, Chancellor of the Exchequer, but for his indolence and sanctimoniousness. He speaks always as if he had a muffin sticking in his throat, which not only deprives his voice of elasticity, but lets his words come out with an irregular noise, like wine out of a very narrow-necked bottle. They told me in Ridgeway's, a month ago, that Palmerston was offered his old post in the war-office, but that he refused any thing under the foreign secretaryship; (which I know he has been making himself up for, on speculation, for some time) and that the Grants were to 'come in' along with him. But I did not believe it, for I know they expect to 'come in,' in spite of both the Duke and Peel, between whom and them there is a very particularly devilish fine reciprocity personal hatred—not like your Irish reciprocity, all on one side, but 'passing mutual.'"

On the front seat, separated from the ministerial bench by the narrow passage of which I have just made mention, which my communicative radical friend told me was usually occupied by supporters of government, less from principle and feeling, than that they had been opposed by out-and-out oppositionists at their election, I recognised Mr. Recorder Shaw, Mr. North, and young Maxwell of Cavan. He next directed my attention to the opposition. I will defer his observations on Mr. Brougham, and the other "first form" members, till by-and-by, as I shall have to speak of their appearance when describing the impression which their speeches made on my own unbiassed mind in the course of the debate.

"Do you see there on the second bench, that tall, thin, and yet florid complexioned gentleman, with his white hat in his hand, beating his top boots with his whip; a goodly prominent forehead, indicating intellectual capability; and yet, you see, the head is defective behind; it wants the swing of genius, and all that imparts unremitting energy in sustaining opinion; the eye, too, rather expressive of voluptuous languor, than of the fire of concentrated thought; the nose, with the all but cock-termination, expressive of haughty arrogance, swelling betimes, but not, as with Brougham, habitually into sarcasm, and the lips half curling, and thin towards the corner, but full and sensual in the centre—all expressive of the proud integrity—frequent, but uncertain indications of high talents, and the alternate tempest and dead calm of feeling, of my old friend and fellow-sportsman, Sir Francis Burdett.* Beside him, is that, to the end of the chapter, clever school-boy—but nothing more—the friend and fellow-traveller of Byron, John Cam Hobhouse—the hooked-nose little gentleman, to the left of Sir Francis. Your countryman there, I need not point out—the *quasi* self-importance of negative success, and officiously meddling with every subject, of little Rice, of Limerick, must strike you at once—and, I take it, you are well acquainted with that bowing and grimacing potato-faced gentleman at the end of the bench, Mr. Dan O'Connell."

On the bench, just above that to which my friend had recently been pointing my attention, I recognised Lord Killeen sitting, as I was informed, with the Earl of Surrey; and within one or two of a very well-

* We suppose the radical gentleman was putting a *hoax* upon our correspondent—since Sir Francis Burdett did not take his seat until the 18th; we can answer, however, for the *likeness*, although we are unable to do so for the *time* at which the Baronet sat for it.

looking dandyish gentleman, whom my Cicerone termed a "manly puppy," when pointing him out as Sir James Graham. On the remote end of the same bench, from that on which Sir James Graham sat, my eye was at once fixed by a very broad-shouldered, broad-faced, and broad-foreheaded man, in vigorous health, busily occupied with a pile of papers, with an expression of avaricious scrutiny, and dogged, untiring perseverance, and I at once said, "that must be Mr. Hume." I was right in my guess, it was the *figurate* member for Middlesex, in *propria persona*. James Grattan sat here in the early part of the evening.

The House is perfectly symmetrical, with the same number of seats and passages, to and from them, on both sides. A passage, like to that I have noticed on the ministerial side, separates the opposite benches into two divisions—that which I have just pointed out, and one occupied by a very different set of persons, facing the Palmerston and Grant entrenchment. These are chiefly the high Tory country gentlemen, and those sneeringly ycleped Saints. Sir Edward Knatchbull, Mr. Bankes, of Dorsetshire, the Marquis of Blandford, Sir something Vivyan, of Cornwall, Mr. Hudson Gurney, and Mr. Fowler Buxton, speak from these benches, all more or less, on different grounds, in opposition to the Duke's government—but still far from being anxious to be considered the allies of the Althorpe, or Brougham, or Burdett, or Hume, hostilities. Among these I recognised the Messrs. Lefroy, Mr. Pat Mahon of Clare's striped shirt, (strange conjunction you will say,) Mr. Saunderson, of Cavan, Sir Robert Bateson, of Derry, and one or two other Irish members, whose names I cannot just now bring to my recollection. I hope I have said enough, to enable you to guess at the local physiognomy of the House, by way of "prologue to the coming on."

After about twenty minutes of arrangements, the business of the night began, in the manner described in the newspapers. Lord Grimston was the first speaker, in a maiden (and, for his own sake, and that of his unfortunate hearers, it is to be devoutly wished, a last) speech; such whiffing and whining common place—but the poor soul did his best. For the life of me, I cannot imagine how the reporters contrived to make out a speech for him—for I was nearer to him, and could not hear one-half, nor understand the other, of what he was from time to time eructating. Captain Dundas, the seconder of the address, appeared to great advantage, after "the able and eloquent speech" (I assure you, he uttered these words with the most perfect gravity of face) of his noble friend. His speech, though also a mere common-place echo of the king's speech, was delivered in an unaffected, manly, above-board style, and was, therefore, pleasing to hear, if not very effective. Lord Althorpe followed, as the leader of the opposition, to declare their sentiments towards the present government. His rising was followed by an immediate sensation: you could hear a pin drop, so earnest and breathless was the anxiety to know, whether he rose to at once hoist the black flag against the Duke's ministry, by moving an amendment, as the tone of the recently-published number of the Edinburgh Review, the accredited organ of Brooke's politics, would lead us to expect. Of all the men, who ever commanded the attention of any assembly, Lord Althorpe has the fewest external pretensions. Figure to yourself, a remarkably plain cattle-dealer, with a face and figure the very antithesis of aristocracy, and a voice like that of a man gargling for an inflammatory sore throat, and you have by far the most influential member of the House of Commons. Whence then this influence? for Lord Althorpe is not even a common-place debater, not to say an orator. It is

the highest order of influence, that most creditable to those upon whom it is exercised, a moral influence.

Lord Althorpe is a proof, that plain common sense, and common honesty, is sure to *tell*; it may do so more slowly, but more surely in the long run, than the most brilliant talents unsustained by equal integrity of purpose. When he speaks, you at once see that he means what he says; that he is not putting himself forward with a view to win a cheer, but to assert the right of an educated English gentleman—the representative of a large and important constituency—to express his opinions plainly, frankly, and without any rhetorical flourishing, or cant of party, on matters in which every Englishman must feel a deep interest. And it is because you see this, and that he aims at no more, he brings you along with him in spite of a very defective style and delivery. His declaration of want of confidence in the present ministers, was listened to with breathless interest, as it was known that there had been a third opposition cabinet council, held at his residence that very morning. As it is characteristic of the man, and is of public importance just now, from the tottering state of the Duke's administration, I will transcribe it from memory. (I may here parenthetically observe, that no one on this side of the channel entertains a doubt, that ministers will be driven out before Christmas. Some tell you that the Reform question will be the occasion—others, their interference with Belgium—some think the Regency, or Civil List.* My radical acquaintance says, "whichever of them comes on first." The Knatchbull and Bankes Tory party will vote against them; the Wynn and Palmerston, which we may now call the Grenville party, have also hoisted the opposition flag, and as you will now see, the Althorpe party, one hundred and eighty-seven strong, are anxious for their defeat.)

But to give you a specimen of the Noble Lord's sentiments:—Alluding to the disturbed state of the country, he observed, "I am no alarmist, but still I *feel*, that the country is just now in a most extraordinary, if not perilous condition—requiring on the part of those to whom its management is entrusted, a skill, and firmness, and capacity, and I will add, a knowledge, which, in my mind, are not possessed by his majesty's present ministers. In frankly making this declaration, I beg it to be understood, that I am not influenced by party, or personal feelings—I make it, because I believe, in my conscience, ministers are not equal to the task of guiding us through our present difficulties. Let them propose measures which I can honestly approve, and I will vote for them, without considering the quarter originating them—and I believe I may say as much for those who usually vote along with me. Still, however, I am bound in candour to state, that I should be strongly disposed to support any measure which would tend to dispossess them of their places."

The Marquis of Blandford was the next speaker. He is a fine, bold, tall, dashing, youngish man, with that peculiar vehemence of manner, which indicates honesty of purpose, and irritability of temperament, rather than force of intellect. The future Duke of Marlborough does not seem to possess much influence in the House, for all his hardest and most serious attacks provoked nothing but laughter.

Mr. O'Connell followed. I need not describe him to you, and shall,

* The event has justified our correspondent's anticipations. Time alone, however, will tell, whether in the present state of affairs, a long-lived cabinet can be formed without the aid of the late commander-in-chief of the ministry. We adhere to our formerly-expressed opinion.

therefore, pass on. Sir Joseph Yorke, the next speaker—(no, I am wrong—Mr. Long Wellesley—but let it stand)—is, in appearance and manner, just such a man as I had fancied from his speeches: a well-fed, good-humoured, half-drunken waggish sailor, who occasionally says a good thing, from blundering out his thoughts and jokes just as they come uppermost, without caring a curse whether they hit or miss. I was disappointed in Mr. Long Wellesley. I expected some smartness, at least, from the specimen of his oratory which appeared in the newspaper reports of the Essex election. I fear his vanity, and restlessness of temperament, and good verbal memory, have been mistaken for the confidence and energy of talent. He has the Wellesley features very marked, and in his manner and matter frequently reminded me of his uncle the Marquis's exuberance of animal spirits, and pointed common places.

I have described to you the fine drayman port of Mr. Hume. His voice is most disagreeable—a harsh whining Scotch—exactly like that of Thompson, formerly an actor in Crow-street theatre, now at Drury-lane. He speaks an immeasurable quantity of words, without arrangement, or oftentimes any very evident connection; his sentences unfinished, clumsy, and round-about. It is evident, that he is one of those who are largely indebted to the reporters for their appearance in print.

Sir Robert Peel, was the next speaker. I cannot well tell why, but I had a sort of prejudice against the Home Secretary. It certainly was not his rattling on the Catholic question, for though that transaction did not raise his moral character in my estimation, it certainly gave me a higher notion of his intellect than I had before entertained of it. The impression which he produced on me is, however, on the whole, a favourable one. On rising I was, it is true, offended somewhat with a kind of melo-dramatic pomposity, which I understand is habitual to him, and perhaps felt disappointed, that the leading minister in the House of Commons had not more of the Pitt or Canning commanding port and features. Not that either his person or features are mean, or wanting in intelligence, but that you miss that stately natural grandeur, which one fancies should belong to the government orator. Sir Robert Peel is an active well-formed man—still youthful in demeanour—indeed he is, as it strikes me, very little altered from what I recollect of his appearance when Irish Secretary. Perhaps it might be perceived that

“ On his front, engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care,”

more than it did fifteen years ago, but his face always struck me as having a care-worn expression, which nothing but its roundness, and his light sandy hair, prevented from being downright hypochondriacal. Bating a school-boy *ore-rotundoism* of delivery, and a prosy tendency of style, he is a very excellent debater, but has not a particle of the orator in his composition. What pleased me, and atoned for these defects, was the lucid intelligibility, the total and satisfactory absence of flimsy decoration in his statement. His style, too, pleased me, because it was pure, manly, English, never grasping more sense than it can hold, and at all times conciliating. He struck me as very nervous for the few first moments—indeed till he was cheered—but after that, brought his hearers untiringly along with him to the end. His great defects appear to me, to arise from an ambition to pass for an orator—the qualifications for which, nature has most certainly denied him: he wants imagination—he wants enthusiasm—he wants deep feeling, and possesses only excel-

lent common sense, a most rare and valuable gift, but not the sole element of oratory.

But my time is up, and remembering your injunction to let you have this by to-night's mail, I must defer till another opportunity the remainder of the lions of the British House of Commons.—Mean time,
I am, yours truly, &c.
M. M.

THE LAST OF THE BOURBONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOUNT SINAI."

The glory of the Gaul—
'Twas emblazon'd long ago ;
When, to conquer or to fall,
Clad in mail, he met his foe —
Even Cæsar, with the chivalry of Rome :
For on many a fatal field,
Proving corslet, greave, and shield,
The fell jav'lin did he wield
For his home.

Yet seal the storied page,
And its glorious feats of old ;
Nor explore the mists of age,
For the chivalrous and bold :
Their deeds Marengo's clarions since have drown'd.
Shall not Austerlitz' dread name,
Writ with pen of living flame,
To eternal Gallic fame
More redound ?

But the life-blood of the bold,
Though by tyrants it be spill'd,
Shall produce a hundred-fold
In freedom's sacred field.
Chords of joy awake an anthem—higher yet !
To lead on that march divine,
Which from ocean to the Rhine
Trampled tyranny, was thine !
Lafayette ! !

France, a despot's brand,
Turn'd against thy rights and thee,
Was blasted in his hand,
By the vengeance of the free—
And he fled before thy seraph sword of flame,
Let her sons, with hallow'd smile,
Voice her triumph thro' each aisle
Of thy sculpture-storied pile,
Notre Dame !

Rife at once in every breast,
Freedom flower'd mature to bloom ;
Like the blossoms of the blest,
Angel-pinions that perfume,
Whilst in firmaments of paradise they soar.
Then let liberty awake,
And the chain and sceptre break,
Which of man a slave would make
Evermore !

Sligo, September, 1830.